As early as the fifteenth century Liberia was the first country to send cotton cloths to Northern and Western Europe. That industry is reviving for home consumption is a recent report.

Cocoanut mats have been provided for engineers and firemen of the Baden State Railways to prevent their hearing being impaired by the vibration of their engines.

Electric locomotives capable of a speed of about 43 miles an hour are used to haul trains through the Simplon Tunnel, in Switzerland.

Origin Of Our Time.

The hour is divided into 60 minutes simply because in old Babylon there existed, by the side of the decimal system of notation, another system of notation, another system, the sexagesimal, which counted by sixties. There is no number which has so many divisors as 60. The Babylonians divided the sun's daily journey into 24 parasangs, each parasang, or hour, being divided into 60 minutes. The parasang is about equal to a German mile, and the Babylonians compared the progress made by the sun during one hour to the progress made by a good walker during the same time.—New York American.

Waiting Their Turn.

"Did your folks down in Bingville see Halley's comet this spring?" asks the visitor.

"Nope," replies the native. "We never get any of those big shows until after they've played a year in New York."—Judge.

He Had Feared It Would.

The prospects for a safe and sane summer are not as good as they were. The Saturday Evening Post is printing another seriel story by Robert W. Chambers.—St. Paul Dispatch.

The Hardest Kind.

"Ever do anything in the way of settlement work?"

"Yes; I've tried bill-collecting."—Pittsburg Post.

The total sale of English goods in Argentina averages $100,000,000 annually.

TO AN OLD FRIEND.

BY MARY E. COLERIDGE.

Now when the sweet sunny weather
Quickens all that once was dead
I remember how we two,
You and I, I and you,
Wandered about the streets together,
Reading the books that had to be read,
Saying the things that cannot be said.

The world was young, and we were younger
In those bright forgotten days,
I remember how we two,
You and I, I and you,
Read and read for the spirit's hunger,
Walked in the old familiar ways,
Talked and talked for each other's praise.

The world is young, but we are older,
Many a book we shall read no more—
I remember how we two,
You and I, I and you,
Vowed that love should not grow colder,
That we would love as we loved before,
And the years should make us love the more.

—From "Gathered Leaves."

THE GUIDE.

A Story of Adventure, in Which a Lost Boy and a Tramp Become Close Friends.

W. K. ROSE, IN CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER.

The boy came out of the bushes and waited for the man to approach. He was a boy of ten, a tired boy whose face was gray through lack of rest and whose eyes were heavy through lack of sleep. His clothes were dusty and torn and his fine shoes were coated with dried mire.

The man coming down the quiet highway was a tramp, a tattered, whiskered, slouching vagabond. He was singing in a maudlin voice and the song was a sentimental ballad of the variety stage. His battered soft hat was pushed back on his tangled hair and his dirty face was upturned to the paling sky. And he did not see the waiting boy.

"My Mamie is a fair one,
My Mamie is a rare one;
There's never a girl like Mamie in
this good old world of ours;
You never saw a sweeter,
You never saw a neater;
My Mamie is th' fairest flower of all
th' bloomin' bowers."

His voice trailed off in a long-drawn note as he caught sight of the boy.

"Hullo," said the later a little timidly.

"Howdy, boy," said the tramp as he looked over the lad in an odd appraising way. He fell to whistling as he stared at him. "Lost, strayed or merely gallivanting?"

The boy's lip quivered. He was very tired.

"I—I think I strayed," he answered. "Anyway, I'm sure I'm lost."

The tramp came a little nearer. He was very dirty and there was a stale smell about him. His white teeth glistened in the midst of his whiskered face. But the boy was not afraid.

"Lost, eh?"

He put out a grimy hand and laid it on the boy's shoulder.

"Yes, sir," said the lad, and his voice broke a little. "I couldn't find my way and I was very tired and nobody came by and then I heard you singing down the road—singing that beautiful song—and so I came out."

The tramp had been softly whistling while the boy explained.

"Legs limp, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Hungry?"

"Yes, sir."

"Get up on my back," he said. "I'll tote you a piece."

The boy obeyed, holding the vagabond tightly about the neck, while the man clasped his legs.

"Ain't I heavy?" he presently asked as the tramp strode along.

"Not a bit heavy, son," replied the vagabond cheerily. "Ride as easy as you can. We've got something of a ways to go. There ain't a farmhouse within two miles of here."

"All right," murmured the boy. His head drooped against the tramp's shoulder. "Couldn't you sing a little as you walk? I like that song and maybe it would rest you some."

The vagabond chuckled.

"Maybe it would," he agreed. "Maybe, too, it would put some folks to sleep." He chuckled again, and when he sang his voice had taken on an unaccustomed softness.

"My Mamie is a fair one,
My Mamie is a rare one,
There's never a girl like Mamie in
this good old world of ours!"

He stopped the song. The boy's breathing told him he was asleep. He clutched the lad's legs a little tighter and stalked on.

The evening shadows fell. The glowing hues faded from the sky, a gray mist filled the air.

The tramp presently passed up a lane and finding a low place in the fence managed to get into a field without awakening the tired child. He carried him to a haystack and sinking on his knees contrived to lay the boy on the loose hay at the foot of the stack. The lad did not unclose his heavy eyes.

The man stood up, an ugly figure outlined against the gray sky, and stared down at the small white face.

"Somebody's kid," he muttered, and his voice had a queer sound. He slowly pulled off his ragged coat and laid it across the sleeping child. "Now to do a little foraging." He hesitated a moment. "If the laddie wakes up," he said, "he'll find my coat over him, and then he'll know I'm coming back." He turned and stalked across the field and presently disappeared behind the bushes by the roadside.

He was gone twenty minutes, perhaps, and when he returned he had a bottle of milk and an old tin cup and half a loaf of bread.

He stooped and touched the boy on the shoulder. The tired eyes opened.

"Here, son," he said. "It's better to eat a little something. You'll sleep the easier. Sit up and make yourself comfortable. Here's some milk. Dip the bread in the cup. That's right."

The boy ate almost ravenously. He was nearly starved. But presently he stopped with a little start.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he hastily said, "but you are letting me eat it all. I—I didn't notice that you was not eating. If you haven't had your supper, please take this." And he offered the vagabond the last bit of bread.

The tramp slowly smiled and gently pushed the morsel away.

"You're a gentleman, son," he said. "That's easy to see. But don't you worry. I've had my feed. Make it a clean-up, kiddie."

The boy finished the bread and drained the cup.

"I'm feeling much better, thank you, sir."

The tramp nodded.

"That's good. And now, maybe, you'll feel like telling me a little something about who you are and where you want to go and why you're lost?"

"Of course I'll tell you," said the boy promptly. "I'll tell you 'cause I'm sure you'll help me. You're really a tramp, ain't you?

"And tramps know so much, don't they? They know how to live without money and they ain't never sick, and they can tell when storms are coming, and they know all the places on the map and lots of things, don't they?"

The vagabond, lounging on the hay a little ways from the boy, laughed.

"No doubt they're a much envied lot," he said. "Go on."

"I've run away from a boys' school," said the lad. "They locked me in a room and beat me with a cane, and I pushed open a window in the night and climbed down a tin water-pipe and ran away." He paused a moment. "My name is Spencer Pond," he said, "and we live at Roxbury, and my mother was taken so sick that the doctor said she must go to Chelsea Springs and my father thought it best for me to go to the boys' school, because it wouldn't be convenient for me at the Springs, so I went to the school and I never had been away from home before, and after my father went away I guess maybe I cried. You see my mother was sick and I didn't know anybody there, and there was lumps in my throat and I'm pretty sure I cried. And some of the boys saw me and they said I was a cry baby and they pushed me around and then one of them said I'd better run right home to my mamma. And I was thinking of my mamma and how sick she was and what he said hurt me, and I struck him hard in the face and made him scream, and then some more of them came at me and I fighted them all. And they got me down on the ground, and I got up again and shook them off and the man who owns the little school came running and called me a little brute and wouldn't give me any dinner and struck me with a cane, and locked me in a room all by myself. But I had my knife in my pocket and I pried open the window and got out and ran through the night—'cause I wanted to get to Chelsea Springs as soon as I could. I was afraid to ask the way, 'cause when I did a man took my money—it wasn't much—and said he'd cut my head off if I told anybody. But I ain't afraid to tell you. I know you could lick him easy."

"I'd like to test it," said the tramp with fervor. He wrinkled his forehead. "You've come quite a piece out of your way, kiddie. Chelsea Springs must be all of forty miles, cross country, from here. Want me to take you there?"

"Sure I do," cried the child. "My father will be so much obliged to you." He suddenly yawned. "Excuse me, but it's funny how sleepy I am. Do you know any prayer you want to say?"

"No," replied the vagabond.

"'Cause if you do you might like to say yours first."

"Go ahead," said the tramp.

A single yellow star gleamed fitfully through the light mist above them. The boy looked up at it.

"Thou who dost all things command, bless our home, our friends, our land. We are children in Thy hand."

The child looked around at the vagabond.

"And bless the tramp, too," he gravely added.

"That sounds good to me," murmured the vagabond.

The star paled, the night wind fluttered the loose hay. The boy was asleep.

The sun had climbed high when he awoke. He rubbed his eyes and looked around. The tramp was smiling down at him.

"Breakfast is ready," said the vagabond. "Bread and milk again, and a piece of fresh johnnycake, and a chunk of cold beef."

"If you please," said the boy, "I think I'd like to wash before I eat." His cheeks grew red as he looked at the tramp's grimy face. "I always do, you know," he added with an apologetic air.

"Of course," laughed the vagabond. "There's a washroom right across the field. Come."

He led the way over the field to a shady ravine, with a brisk little stream gurgling through it. And the boy drew from his inner coat pocket a flat leather case, and opening it, showed a piece of soap, a narrow hair brush, a tooth brush, a tiny mirror and a comb and a wash cloth.

"My mother gave me this," he said. "See, there's my initials on it."

He knelt down on a flat stone at the edge of the stream and made his toilet—and came up rosy and smiling.

"You're next," he cried.

The vagabond gave a queer little laugh.

"All right," he said, and took the proffered soap. When he finally looked around, his face cleaned, his hair smoothed down, his eyes clear and shining and his white teeth glittering, the boy gave a quick laugh.

"That's great," he cried. "I wonder how you'd look without whiskers?"

"I wonder," said the tramp.

"Look at yourself in my glass," said the boy, and gave him the little mirror.

The vagabond smilingly took it and looked at his reflection—and the smile faded.

"It looks," he softly muttered, "as if there might be some remnants of a man there yet."

He gave back the glass and they made their frugal meal.

"Now for the road," said the vagabond, "and Chelsea Springs."

They might have been a pair of careless strollers as they tramped down the highway that sunny morning. The vagabond developed a wonderful fund of merry conversation, and the boy was as happy as a bird.

They stopped to rest occasionally, and once they were given a ride by a farmer's boy on a hay wagon, and when it was near noon, they came in sight of a low frame house some distance from the road.

"Now to forage," said the tramp. "You wait for me here."

He went up the lane and was hidden by the bushes. Presently he returned.

"Nothing doing," he cheerfully announced. "The old man said I was too clean for a tramp and too dirty to be respectable."

But at the next farmhouse the vagabond found an elderly woman who said he could earn his dinner with the ax. He whistled for the boy, who was waiting in the highway, and the lad piled the wood and filled the woman's woodbox.

She looked at him a little suspiciously.

"Your boy?" she said to the tramp.

"Boy of a friend of mine. Been away and I'm taking him home."

"Does he treat you well?" she asked the lad.

"Yes, ma'am," the boy promptly replied. "He treats me very well."

And he laid his hand trustingly on the vagabond's arm.

They had an excellent dinner in the clean old kitchen and then the kind woman put a bag of cookies in the boy's hands.

"Madam," said the tramp, with a little flourish, "could you, would you, loan me a razor?"

The good woman laughed.

"I'm afraid," she said, "that you'll have a harder job of cutting than you had at the woodpile. But I'll let you take a razor—it is an old one my son left behind when he went to the Philippines. If you do a good job, I'll give it to you."

He did so good a job that the boy stared at him in wonder and the woman promptly told him to keep both the razor and strop.

"And take good care of the boy," she said.

"Lady," said the boy as he gravely shook hands with her, "he's taking fine care of me and I like him very much."

The woman looked at the tramp and her eyes were very keen.

"Friend," she cried, "I believe there's the making of a man in you yet." And she shook hands with him and wished them both Godspeed.

The vagabond was rather quiet as they strolled down the highway, but the boy chattered like a merry magpie.

And then they came upon a rough fellow sitting on a stump by the roadway, a burly vagabond with a fiery face and a hoarse voice.

"Why, it's Stevie!" he cried "swearin' Stevie—an' who's th' kid?"

He glowered hard at the boy, who moved a little nearer his friend.

"Howdy, Butcher," said the vagabond, and started to pass the fellow, but the burly man lurched into the roadway.

"No, you don't, Stevie," he snarled. "That's no way to shake an old pal. I don't know what's your game, but I mean to find out. Here, have a drink?" And he drew a black bottle from his rags.

The boy noticed that the vagabond seemed to tremble a little. But he drew back.

"No, Butcher," he said, "I've cut it out."

The stranger laughed discordantly.

"You've cut it out," he hoarsely shouted. "Little Stevie's cut out the booze! Well, well! An', maybe, you've cut out th' swearin', too!"

"Yes," said the vagabond, and he suddenly took a grip on the boy's sleeve.

"I dunno what your game is," snarled the vagabond, "but it's easy to see there's money in th' boy. Mebby he's kidnaped; mebby not. Mebby he's the boy I saw advertised over at Johnsbury; mebby not. But, anyway, I'm standin' in with you, an' it's going to be a share-and-share-alike deal. Come here, kid."

"Let the boy alone," said the vagabond, sharply.

The stranger luched forward with a fierce oath.

"Come here, you cub!"

The vagabond quickly threw the boy aside.

"Run!" he cried. "Run, kiddie!"

The baffled brute screamed an oath and struck the vagabond a heavy blow. And the vagabond, forced from his balance for a moment, rallied and rushed forward like a wildcat, and the fight was on. It was a desperate battle. The big man had the weight and skill, but the vagabond was quick and full of courage.

"Run, kiddie!" he screamed again, as he dashed at the ruffian.

Then he slipped and fell and the big man was down on him like a flash, and the sky turned red before the boy's eyes and he gave a queer, choking cry and snatched up a piece of rotting wood, and ran forward and screamed again and brought the club down with all his force on the bare head of the burly brute.

And the stranger crumpled under the blow and rolled into the roadway.

The vagabond slowly arose. He was white and trembling.

"I—I didn't run away," stammered the boy.

"Good thing," said the vagabond thickly. His wandering gaze fell upon the stranger, who was trying to regain his feet.

"Move along, Jim Butcher," he thickly growled. "You've had enough."

And the burly man staggered down the roadway, swearing and groaning.

The boy was watching the vagabond anxiously.

"Come into the shade, sir," he said, and caught his hand and drew him from the roadway. And suddenly the vagabond reeled and fell at full length on the grass, white and still.

The boy gave one glance at the prostrate form and turned and ran swiftly up the roadway.

Three days later the vagabond was resting in a hammock on the broad porch of a kind old woman's farmhouse. When the panting boy had rushed up the lane with a cry for help, the woman had taken him into her wagon, which luckily was standing in the lane, and had driven after the injured vagabond, and together they had brought him home. And the good woman had bandaged and plastered his hurts and tenderly nursed him.

"It might have been my own son," she murmured.

And then, a little later, she found time to write a letter, and to pass it into the care of the rural carrier.

And so it happened that a touring car came up the lane on the third day after the great battle in the highway, and a man leaped out and ran and caught the boy in his arms.

"Here, daddy," cried the lad, "come and meet my friend. He's been awful good to me. When a very bad man tried to steal me away from him he fought him like a tiger and that's how he was hurt."

"I know all about that, son," said the newcomer, "and your friend is my friend and your mother's friend, from henceforth."

And he took the vagabond's hand and pressed it warmly.

"He guided me, daddy, just like that guide you had in the woods, and he was bringing me to you when he got hurted."

The vagabond looked up with a quick smile.

"He trusted me, sir," he said with a queer little catch in his voice. "Nobody ever trusted me before. And as for guiding—why, sir, it's the boy who's been guiding me."

Literature in Ye Olden Time.

The publisher is not a modern product. In Greek and Roman times there were firms or individuals who stood between the author and the public, using the cheap resource of slave labor for the transcription of manuscripts, of which there were frequently large editions. It may be said that the supply of books was abundant, and their prices very reasonable; in fact, amazingly cheap, all things considered. For instance, the first book of Martial's Epigrams, in handsome binding, was sold for what would be in our money about seventy-five cents. A cheaper edition was to be had for some thirty-five cents.

Curiosities of Smell.

No substance that refuses to dissolve in water has an odor. It is the actual substance itself, floating in particles in the air, that appeals to the nose, and not simply a vibration of the air, as in the case of light and sound. The damper a thing is the more powerful the odor it gives off. A pleasant proof of the fact can be had by walking in a garden after rain. There is no end to the curiosities of smell. It is, for instance, the vapor of a liquid that smells, and not the liquid in the mass itself. If eau de cologne be poured into the nostril the nose refuses to recognize any odor there at all.—London Globe.

The largest railway company in England, the Great Western, has a locomotive for nearly every mile of the system; there are 3000 miles and nearly 2600 engines.

Happiness in Sleep.

I SAW once how like sleep was to life in the deep waters. A man who to my waking eyes looked cold and starved and ragged sat upon one of the benches on the Embankment. He was sleeping, and I knew from his face that then at least he did not count himself miserable.

But presently a policeman came and shook the sleeper into waking life. Then all the violence of the world seemed to be let loose upon this wreck of a man. He shook and blinked his eyes and breathed with heavy spasms. It was just as when a fish is caught out of the depth of the sea and suddenly cast into a basket. I have seen mackerel shake and gasp like this poor man suddenly caught up out of the native depths of sleep. Or if you think that a fish thus dying is only an amusing and not a painful sight, then think what it might be if some giant of fable could catch us up out of our native air into the space between the stars.

Would we not willingly sink back again into the depth of air? So it is when the loud world lets us glide down into sleep.—London Outlook.

The Chinese are building reinforced concrete houses with native labor.

Soda will brighten burned or darkened chinaware.

Chile exports about 1,800,000 tons of nitrate of soda annually.

A new meter registers how long a telephone is used.

Corn is Argentina's premier crop.

An auto driven by producer gas is a Scotch experiment.

Incredulity Of Man.

Mr. Henry C. Weeks, the New York architect, who years ago moved the mirth of his Long Island neighbors by pouring oil into swamps to keep down mosquitoes, lived long enough to have the laugh on his side, dying Friday at the age of 66. He is not the only instance, by thousands, of the pioneer being called crazy by those whom he was seeking to benefit by an operation that justifies itself. Fulton was "crazy" in the opinion of those who jeered him as he went on his way to the yard where the Clermont was building. Their incredulity was different in expression only from that of Laplace, who assured Napoleon that there was nothing in Fulton's idea, and that steam had about enough power to propel a child's plaything.—Boston Transcript.

Big Hats Defended.

"Those big hats are all right, all right," said the man. "I want my wife to wear one on week days and Sundays, night and morning. Why? They keep her from getting her head knocked off, that is why. All her life she has had the habit of poking her head through cab windows, car windows, the windows of any old thing she happened to be riding in. Pillars, posts and passing vehicles grazed her nose, but possible beheadings had no terror for her. But since she has taken to wearing big hats she has to keep her head inside because the hats won't go through the window. When voting for or against big hats just put me down among the 'yeas.'"—New York Sun.

The automobile industry is responsible for a scarcity of leather.

Curiosities Of Smell.

No substance that refuses to dissolve in water has an odor. It is the actual substance itself, floating in particles in the air, that appeals to the nose, and not simply a vibration of the air, as in the case of light and sound. The damper a thing is the more powerful the odor it gives off. A pleasant proof of the fact can be had by walking in a garden after rain. There is no end to the curiosities of smell. It is, for instance, the vapor of a liquid that smells, and not the liquid in the mass itself. If eau de cologne be poured into the nostril the nose refuses to recognize any odor there at all.—London Globe.

Mountain air is imitated for the use of invalids. B. N. U. 30.